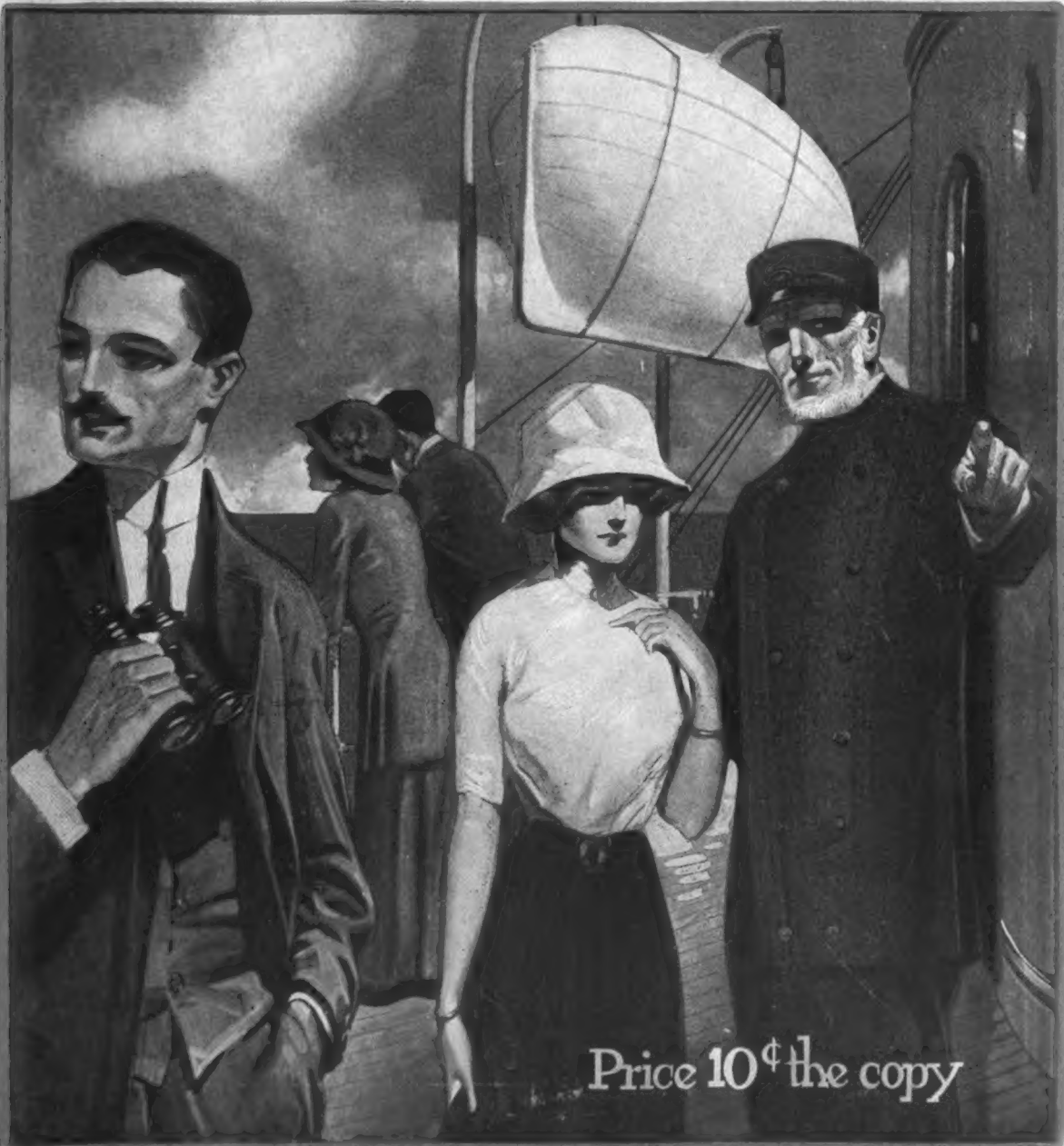


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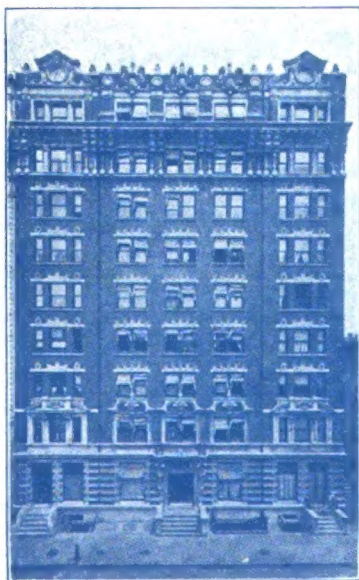
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GUILLOT STAGGERED BACK. HE WAS LIKE A MAN WHO LOOKS UPON A NIGHTMARE.

OCEAN WIRELESS NEWS

(THE AEROGRAM)

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NUMBER 9

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MR. PETER RUFF

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Garrett Van Vranken

The Man Behind the Curtain

PETER, Baron de Grost, glanced at the card which his butler had brought in to him, carelessly at first, afterward with that curious rigidity of attention which usually denotes the setting free of a flood of memories.

"The gentleman would like to see you, sir," the man announced.

"You can show him in at once," Peter replied.

The servant withdrew. Peter, during those few minutes of waiting, stood with his back to the room and his face to the window, looking out across the square, in reality seeing nothing, completely immersed in this strange flood of memories. John Dory—Sir John Dory now—his quondam enemy, and he, had met but seldom during these years of their prosperity. The figure of this man who had once loomed so largely in his life, had gradually shrunk away into the background. The avoidance of each arose, perhaps, from a sort of instinct which was certainly no matter of ill-will. Still, the fact remained that they had scarcely exchanged a word for years, and Peter turned to receive his unexpected guest with a curiosity which he did not trouble wholly to conceal.

Sir John Dory—Chief Commissioner now of Scotland Yard, a person of weight and importance—had changed a great deal during the last few years. His hair had become gray, his walk

more dignified. There was the briskness, however, of his best days in his carriage and in the flash of his brown eyes. He held out his hand to his ancient foe with a smile.

"My dear Baron," he said, "I hope you are going to say that you are glad to see me."

"Unless," Peter replied, with a good-humored grimace, "your visit is official, I am more than glad—I am charmed. Sit down. I was just going to take my morning cigar. You will join me? Good! Now I am ready for the worst that can happen."

The two men had seated themselves. John Dory pulled at his cigar appreciatively, sniffed its flavor for a moment, and then leaned forward in his chair.

"My visit, Baron," he announced, "is semi-official. I am here to ask you a favor."

"An official favor?" Peter demanded, quickly.

His visitor hesitated, as though he found the question hard to answer.

"To tell you the truth," he declared, "this call of mine is wholly an inspiration. It does not in any way concern you, personally, or your position in this country. What that may be I do not know, except that I am sure it is above any suspicion."

"Quite so," Peter murmured. "How diplomatic you have become, my dear friend!"

John Dory smiled.

"Perhaps I am fencing about too much," he said. "I know, of course, that you are a member of a very powerful and wealthy French Society, whose object and aims, so far as I know, are entirely harmless."

"I am delighted to be assured that you recognize that fact," Peter admitted.

"I might add," John Dory continued, "that this harmlessness—is of recent date."

"Really, you do seem to know a good deal," Peter confessed.

"I find myself fencing," Dory declared. "A matter of habit, I suppose. I didn't mean to when I came. I made up my mind to tell you simply that Guillot was in London, and to ask you if you could help me to get rid of him."

Peter looked thoughtfully into his companion's face, but he did not speak. He understood at such moments the value of silence.

"We speak together," Dory continued softly, "as men who understand one another. Guillot is the one criminal in Europe whom we all fear; not I alone, mind you—it is the same in Berlin, in Petersburg, in Vienna. He has never been caught. It is my honest belief that he never will be caught. At the same time, whenever he arrives the thunder-clouds gather. He leaves behind him always a trail of evil deeds."

"Very well put," Peter murmured. "Quite picturesque."

"Can you help me get rid of him?" Dory inquired. "I have my hands full just now, as you can imagine, what with the political crisis and these constant mass-meetings. I want Guillot out of the country. If you can manage this for me, I shall be your eternal debtor."

"Why do you imagine," Peter asked, "that I can help you in this matter?"

There was brief silence. John Dory knocked the ash from his cigar.

"Times have changed," he said. "The harmlessness of your great Society, my dear Baron, is at present admitted. But there were days—"

"Exactly," Peter interrupted. "As shrewd as ever, I perceive. Do you know anything of the object of his coming?"

"Nothing."

"Anything of his plans?"

"Nothing."

"You know where he is staying?"

"Naturally," Dory answered. "He has taken a second-floor flat in Crayshaw Mansions, Shaftesbury avenue. As usual, he is above all petty artifices. He has taken it under the name of Monsieur Guillot."

"I really don't know whether there is anything I can do," Peter decided, "but I will look into the matter for you, with pleasure. Perhaps I may be able to bring a little influence to bear—indirectly, of course. If so, it is at your service. Lady Dory is well, I trust?"

"In the best of health," Sir John replied, accepting the hint and rising to his feet. "I shall hear from you soon?"

"Without a doubt," Peter answered. "I must certainly call upon Monsieur Guillot."

Peter certainly wasted no time in paying his promised visit. That same afternoon he rang the bell at the flat in Crayshaw Mansions. A typical French butler showed him into the room where the great man sat. Monsieur Guillot, slight, elegant, pre-eminently a dandy, was lounging upon a sofa, being manicured by a young lady. He threw down his *Petit Journal* and rose to his feet, however, at his visitor's entrance.

"My dear Baron!" he exclaimed. "But this is charming of you! Mademoiselle," he added, turning to the manicurist, "you will do me the favor of retiring for a short time. Permit me."

He opened the door and showed her out. Then he came back to Peter.

"A visit of courtesy, Monsieur le Baron?" he asked.

"Without a doubt," Peter replied.

"It is beyond all measure charming of you," Guillot declared, "but let me ask you a little question: Is it peace or war?"

"It is what you choose to make it," Peter answered.

The man threw out his hands. There was the shadow of a frown upon his pale forehead. It was a matter of protest, this.

"Why do you come?" he demanded. "What have we in common? The Society has expelled me. Very well. I

go my own way. Why not? I am free of your control to-day. You have no more right to interfere with my schemes than I with yours."

"We have the ancient right of power," Peter said, grimly. "You were once a prominent member of our organization, the spoilt protege of Madame, a splendid maker, if you will, of criminal history. Those days have passed. We offered you a pension, which you have refused. It is now our turn to speak. We require you to leave this city in twenty-four hours."

The man's face was livid with anger. He was of the fair type of Frenchman, with deep-set eyes, and a straight, cruel mouth, only partly concealed by his golden mustache. Just now, notwithstanding the veneer of his too perfect clothes and civilized air, the beast had leaped out. His face was like the face of a snarling animal.

"I refuse!" he cried. "It is I who refuse! I am here on my own affairs. What they may be is no business of yours or of any one else. That is my answer to you, Baron de Grost, whether you come to me for yourself or on behalf of the Society to which I no longer belong. That is my answer—that and the door," he added, pressing the bell. "If you will, we fight. If you are wise, forget this visit as quickly as you can."

Peter took up his hat. The man-servant was already in the room.

"We shall probably meet again before your return, Monsieur Guillot," he remarked.

Guillot had recovered himself. His smile was wicked, but his bow perfection.

"To the fortunate hour, Monsieur le Baron!" he replied.

Peter drove back to Berkeley Square, and, without a moment's hesitation, pressed the levers which set in work the whole underground machinery of the great power which he controlled. Thence-forward, Monsieur Guillot was surrounded with a vague army of silent watchers. They passed in and out even of his flat, their motor cars were as fast as his in the streets, their fancy in restaurants identical with his. Guillot moved through it all like a man wholly unconscious of espionage, showing nothing

of the murderous anger which burned in his blood. The reports came to Peter every hour, although there was, indeed, nothing worth chronicling. Monsieur Guillot's visit to London would seem, indeed, to be a visit of gallantry. He spent most of his time with Mademoiselle Louise, the famous dancer. He was prominent at the Empire, to watch her nightly performance; they were a noticeable couple, supping together at the Milan afterwards. Peter smiled as he read the reports. Monsieur Guillot was indeed a man of gallantry, but he had the reputation of using these affairs to cloak his real purposes. Those who watched him, watched only the more closely. Monsieur Guillot, who stood it very well at first, unfortunately lost his temper. He drove in the great motor car which he had brought with him from Paris, to Berkeley Square, and confronted Peter.

"My friend," he exclaimed, though indeed the glitter in his eyes knew nothing of friendship, "it is intolerable, this! Do you think that I do not see through these dummy waiters, these obsequious shopmen, these ladies who drop their eyes when I pass, these commissioners, these would-be acquaintances? I tell you that they irritate me, this incompetent, futile crowd. You pit them against me! Bah! You should know better. When I choose to disappear, I shall disappear, and no one will follow me. When I strike, I shall strike, and no one will discover what my will may be. You are out of date, dear Baron, with your third-rate army of stupid spies. You succeed in one thing only—you succeed in making me angry."

"It is at least an achievement, that," Peter declared.

"Perhaps," Monsieur Guillot admitted, fiercely. "Yet, mark now the result. I defy you—you and all of them. Look at your clock. It is five minutes to seven. It goes well, that clock, eh?"

"It is the correct time," Peter said.

"Then by midnight," Guillot continued, shaking his fist in the other's face, "I shall have done the thing which brought me to England and I shall have disappeared. I shall have done it in spite of your watchers, in spite of your spies, in spite even of you, Monsieur le



TURNED SUDDENLY TOWARDS HER, AND THERE WERE STRANGE THINGS IN HIS FACE.

Baron de Grost. There is my challenge. *Viola!* Take it up if you will. At midnight you shall hear me laugh. I have the honor to wish you good-night."

Peter opened the door with his own hands.

"This is excellent," he declared. "You are now, indeed, the Monsieur Guillot of old. Almost you persuade me to take up your challenge."

"As you please!" he exclaimed. "By midnight to-night!"

* * * * *

The challenge of Monsieur Guillot was issued precisely at four minutes before seven. On his departure, Peter spent the next half-hour studying certain notes and sending various telephone messages. Afterwards, he changed his clothes at the usual time and sat down to a tete-a-tete dinner with his wife. Three times during the

course of the meal he was summoned to the telephone, and from each visit he returned more perplexed. Finally, when the servants had left the room, he took his chair round to his wife's side.

"Violet," he said, "you were asking me just now about the telephone. You were quite right. These were not ordinary messages which I have been receiving. I am engaged in a little matter which, I must confess, perplexes me. I want your advice, perhaps your help."

Violet smiled.

"I am quite ready," she answered. "It is a long time since you gave me anything to do."

"You have heard of Guillot?"

She reflected for a moment.

"You mean the wonderful Frenchman," she asked, "the head of the criminal department of the Double-Four?"

"The man who was at its head when it existed," Peter replied. "The criminal department, as you know, has all been done away with. The Double-Four has now no more concern with those who break the law, save in those few instances where great issues demand it."

"But Monsieur Guillot still exists?"

"He not only exists," Peter answered, "but he is here in London, a rebel and a defiant one. Do you know who came to see me the other morning?"

She shook her head.

"Sir John Dory," Peter continued, "He came here with a request. He begged for my help. Guillot is here, committed to some enterprise which no one can wholly fathom. Dory has enough to do with other things, as you can imagine, just now. Besides, I think he recognizes that Monsieur Guillot is rather a hard nut for the ordinary English detective to crack."

"And you?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"I join forces with Dory," Peter admitted. "Sogrange agrees with me. Guillot was associated with the Double-Four too long for us to have him make scandalous history either here or in Paris."

"You have seen him?"

"I have not only seen him," Peter said. "I have declared war against him."

"And he?"

"Guillot is defiant," Peter replied. "He has been here only this evening. He mocks at me. He swears that he will bring off this enterprise, whatever it may be before midnight to-night, and he has defied me to stop him."

"But you will," she murmured, softly.

Peter smiled. The conviction in his wife's tone was a subtle compliment which he did not fail to appreciate.

"I have hopes," he confessed, "and yet, let me tell you this, Violet, I have never been more puzzled. Ask yourself, now. What enterprise is there worthy of a man like Guillot, in which he could engage himself here in London between now and midnight? Any ordinary theft is beneath him. The purloining of the crown jewels, perhaps, he might consider, but I don't think that anything less in the way of robbery would bring him here. He has his code, and he is as vain as a peacock. Yet money is at the root of everything he does."

"How does he spend his time here?" Violet asked.

"He has a handsome flat in Shaftesbury avenue," Peter answered, "where he lives, to all appearances, the life of an idle man of fashion. The whole of his spare time is spent with Mademoiselle Louise, the danseuse at the Empire. You see, it is half-past eight now. I have eleven men altogether at work, and, according to my last report, he was dining with her in the grill-room at the Milan. They have just ordered their coffee, ten minutes ago, and the car is waiting outside to take Mademoiselle to the Empire. Guillot's box is engaged there, as usual. If he proposes to occupy it, he is leaving himself a very narrow margin of time to carry out any enterprise worth speaking of."

Violet was thoughtful for several moments. Then she crossed the room, took up a copy of an illustrated paper, and brought it across to Peter. He smiled as he glanced at the picture to which she pointed, and the few lines underneath.

"It has struck you, too, then!" he exclaimed. "Good! You have answered me exactly as I hoped. Somehow, I scarcely trusted myself. I have both cars waiting outside. We may need them. You won't mind coming to the Empire with me?"

"Mind!" she laughed. "I only hope I may be in at the finish."

"If the finish," Peter remarked, "is of the nature which I anticipate, I shall take particularly good care that you are not."

* * * * *

The curtain was rising upon the first act of the ballet as they entered the most popular music hall in London and were shown to the box which Peter had engaged. The house was full—crowded, in fact, almost to excess. They had scarcely taken their seats when a roar of applause announced the coming of Mademoiselle Louise. She stood for a moment to receive her nightly ovation, a slim, beautiful creature, looking out upon the great house with that faint, bewitching smile at the corners of her lips, which every photographer in Europe had striven to reproduce. Then she moved away to the music, an exquisite figure, the personification of all that was alluring in her sex. Violet leaned forward to watch her movements as she plunged into the first dance. Peter was occupied looking around the house. Monsieur Guillot was there, sitting insolently forward in his box, sleek and immaculate. He even waved his hand and bowed as he met Peter's eye. Somehow or other, his confidence had its effect. Peter began to feel vaguely troubled. After all, his plans were built upon a surmise. It was so easy for him to be wrong. No man would show his hand so openly, who was not sure of the game. Then his face cleared a little. In the adjoining box to Guillot's the figure of a solitary man was just visible, a man who had leaned over to applaud Louise, but who was now sitting back in the shadows. Peter recognized him at once, notwithstanding the obscurity. This was so much to the good, at any rate. He took up his hat.

"For a quarter of an hour, you will excuse me, Violet," he said. "Watch Guillot. If he leaves his place, knock

at the door of your own box and one of my men, who is outside, will come to you at once. He will know where to find me."

Peter hurried away, pausing for a moment in the promenade, to scribble a line or two at the back of one of his own cards. Presently he knocked at the door of the box adjoining Guillot's and was instantly admitted. Violet continued her watch. She remained alone until the curtain fell upon the first act of the ballet. A few minutes later, Peter returned. She knew at once that things were going well. He sank into a chair by her side.

"I have messages every five minutes," he whispered in her ear, "and I am venturing upon a bold stroke. There is still something about the affair, though, which I cannot understand. You are absolutely sure that Guillot has not moved?"

Violet pointed with her program across the house.

"There he sits," she remarked. "He left his chair as the curtain went down, but he could scarcely have gone out of the box, for he was back within ten seconds."

Peter looked steadily across at the opposite box. Guillot was sitting a little further back now, as though he no longer courted observation. Something about his attitude puzzled the man who watched him. With a sudden quick movement, he caught up the glasses which stood by his wife's side. The curtain was going up for the second act, and Guillot had turned his head. Peter held the glasses only for a moment to his eyes, and then glanced down at the stage.

"My God!" he muttered. "The man's a genius! Violet, the small motor is coming for you."

He was out of the box in a single step. Violet looked after him, looked down upon the stage and across at Guillot's box. It was hard to understand.

The curtain had scarcely rung upon the second act of the ballet when a young lady who met from all the loungers, and even from the doorkeeper himself, the most respectful attention, issued from the stage door at the Empire and stepped into the large motor car

which was waiting, drawn up against the curb. The door was opened from inside and closed at once. She held out her hands, as yet ungloved, to the man who sat back in the corner.

"At last!" she murmured. "And I thought that you had forsaken me. It seemed, indeed, dear one, that you had forsaken me."

He took her hands and held them tightly, but he answered only in a whisper. He wore a somber black cloak and a broad-brimmed black hat. A muffler concealed the lower part of his face. She put her finger upon the electric light, but he stopped her.

"I must not be recognized," he said, thickly. "Forgive me, Louise, if I seem strange at first, but there is more in it than I can tell you. No one must know that I am in London to-night. When we reach this place to which you are taking me, and we are really alone, then we can talk. I have so much to say."

She looked at him doubtfully. It was indeed a moment of indecision with her. Then she began to laugh softly.

"Little one, but you have changed!" she exclaimed, compassionately. "After all, why not? I must not forget that things have gone so hardly with you. It seems odd, indeed, to see you sitting there muffled up like an old man, afraid to show yourself. You know how foolish you are? With your black cape and that queer hat, you are so different from all the others. If you seek to remain unrecognized, why do you not dress as all the men do? Any one who was suspicious would recognize you from your clothes."

"It is true," he muttered. "I did not think of it."

She leaned toward him.

"You will not even kiss me?" she murmured.

"Not yet," he answered.

She made a little grimace.

"But you are cold!"

"You do not understand," he answered. "They are watching me—even to-night they are watching me. Oh, if you only knew, Louise, how I have longed for this hour that is to come!"

Her vanity was assuaged. She patted his hand, but came no nearer.

"You are a foolish little one," she said, "very foolish."

"It is not for you to say that," he replied. "If I have been foolish, were not you often the cause of my folly?"

Again she laughed.

"Oh, la, la! It is always the same! It is always you men who accuse! For that presently I shall reprove you. But now—as for now, behold, we have arrived!"

"It is a crowded thoroughfare," the man remarked, nervously, looking up and down Shaftesbury avenue.

"Stupid!"

she cried, stepping out.

"I do not recognize you to-night, little one. Even your voice is different. Follow me quickly across the pavement and up the stairs. There is only one flight. The flat I have borrowed is on the second floor. I do not care very much that people should recognize me either under the circumstances. There is nothing they love so much," she added, with

a toss of the head, as finding an excuse to have my picture in the paper."

He followed her down the dim hall and up the broad, flat stairs, keeping always some distance behind. On the first landing she drew a key from her pocket and opened the door. It was the door of Monsieur Guillot's sitting-room. A round table in the middle was laid for supper. One light alone, and that heavily shaded, was burning.

"Oh, la, la!" she exclaimed. "How I hate this darkness! Wait till I can turn on the lights, dear friend, and then you must embrace me. It is from outside, I believe. No, do not follow. I can find the switch for myself. Remain where you are. I return instantly."

She left him alone in the room, closing the door softly. In the passage she reeled for a moment and caught at her side. She was very pale. Guillot, coming swiftly up the steps, frowned as he saw her.

"He is there?" he demanded, harshly.

"He is there," Louise replied, "but indeed, I am angry with myself. See, I am faint. It is a terrible thing, this, which I have done. He did me no harm, that young man, except that he was stupid and heavy, and that I never loved him. Who could love him, indeed! But, Guillot—"

He passed on, scarcely heeding her words, but

"MY GOD!" HE MUTTERED. "THE MAN'S A GENIUS!"

she clung to his arm.

"Dear one," she begged, "promise that you will not really hurt him. Promise me that, or I will shriek out and call the people from the streets here. You would not make an assassin of me? Promise!"

Guillot turned suddenly towards her, and there were strange things in his face. He pointed down the stairs.

"Go back, Louise," he ordered. "back to your rooms, for your own



sake. Remember that you have left the theatre, too ill to finish your performance. You have had plenty of time already to get home. Quick! Leave me to deal with this young man. I tell you to go."

She retreated down the stairs, dumb, her knees shaking still as though with fear. Guillot entered the room, closing the door behind him. Even as he bowed to that dark figure standing in the corner, his left hand shot forward the bolt.

"Monsieur," he said—

"What is the meaning of this?" the visitor interrupted, haughtily. "I am expecting Mademoiselle Louise. I did not understand that strangers had the right of entry into this room."

Guillot bowed low.

"Monsieur," he said once more, "it is a matter for my eternal regret that I am forced to intrude even for a moment upon an assignation so romantic. But there is a little matter which must first be settled. I have some friends here who have a thing to say to you."

He walked softly, with catlike tread, along by the wall to where the thick curtains shut out the inner apartment. He caught at the thick velvet, dragged it back and the two rooms were suddenly flooded with light. Two stalwart looking men in plain clothes, but of very unmistakable appearance, were standing waiting. Guillot staggered back. They were strangers to him. He was like a man who looks upon a nightmare. His eyes protruded. The words which he tried to utter failed him. Then, with a swift, nervous presentiment, he turned quickly around towards the man who had been standing in the shadows. Here, too, the unexpected had happened. It was Peter Baron de Grost, who threw his muffler and broad-brimmed hat upon the table.

"Five minutes to eleven, I believe, Monsieur Guillot," Peter declared. "I win by an hour and five minutes."

Guillot said nothing for several seconds. After all, though, he had great gifts. He recovered alike his power of speech and his composure.

"These gentlemen," he said, pointing with his left hand towards the inner room—"I do not understand their presence in my apartments."

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"They represent, I am afraid, the obvious end of things," he explained. "You have given me a run for my money, I confess. A Monsieur Guillot, who is remarkably like you, still occupies your box at the Empire, and Mademoiselle Jeane Lemere, the accomplished understudy of the lady who has just left us, is sufficiently like the incomparable Louise to escape, perhaps, detection for the first few minutes. But you gave the game away a little, my dear Guillot, when you allowed your quarry to come and gaze even from the shadows of his box at the woman he adored."

"Where is—he?" Guillot faltered.

"He is on his way back to his country home," Peter replied. "I think that he will be cured of his infatuation for Mademoiselle. The assassins whom you planted in that room are by this time in Bow street. The price which others beside you knew, my dear Guillot, was placed upon that unfortunate young man's head, will not pass this time into your pocket. For the rest—"

"The rest is of no consequence," Guillot interrupted, bowing. "I admit that I am vanquished. As for those gentlemen there," he added, waving his hands towards the two men who had taken a step forward, "I have a little oath which is sacred to me concerning them. I take the liberty, therefore, to admit myself defeated, Monsieur le Baron, and take my leave."

No one was quick enough to interfere. They had only a glimpse of him as he stood there with the revolver pressed to his temple, an impression of a sharp report, of Guillot staggering back as the revolver slipped from his fingers on to the floor. Even his death cry was stifled. They carried him away without any fuss, and Peter was just in time, after all, to see the finish of the second act of the ballet. The sham Monsieur Guillot smirked at the sham Louise, but the box by his side was empty.

"It is over?" Violet asked, breathlessly.

"It is over," Peter answered.

It was, after all, an unrecorded tragedy. In an obscure corner of the morning papers one learned the next day that

a Frenchman, who had apparently come to the end of his means, had committed suicide in a furnished flat of Shaftesbury avenue. Two foreigners were deported without having been brought up for trial, for being suspected persons. A little languid interest was aroused at the inquest, when one of the witnesses deposed to the deceased's having been a famous French criminal. Nothing further transpired, however, and

the readers of the halfpenny press for once were deprived of their sensation. For the rest, Peter received, with much satisfaction, a remarkably handsome signet ring, bearing some famous arms, and a telegram from Sogrange: "Well done, Baron! May the successful termination of your enterprise nerve you for the greater undertaking which is close at hand. I leave for London by the night train. Sogrange."

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A LADY UNAFRAID

By Louise Olney

She was little enough and slight enough and with a great enough burden upon her. But she carried herself with a gallant lift of the head and squared shoulders. In boyhood her father had begun by hard work to make a fortune. If in old age he had suddenly lost it, his daughter thought she could begin at the foot as he had done. Regina Frank was equipped with youth and health, and her courage was even better than her father's, because through her aristocratic mother she inherited a thoroughbred strain. She was even thankful that the mother died just before the crash came.

This hot morning she came to the office prepared for nothing but the usual routine which her year's steady work had mastered, and the unusual happened.

Zant's real estate office was quiet enough, and as vacations were on and business hopelessly dull, Jared Zant stayed at home that day and sent his son to the office. Junior would have preferred golf or dawdling about summer verandas, where pretty girls were to be found, but he knew that after an elaborate college education and several years abroad at dad's expense, it was necessary for him to do office duty on request. Therefore, he went, for the first time in two years.

And he saw Regina. Regina was to all appearances almost oblivious to his gay presence. He could feel that her steady brown eyes marked his entrance, took stock of him in general, and then

attended to the day's correspondence, lifting for another look only when their owner heard herself addressed.

She took a few unimportant letters for him, wrote a few important ones on her own initiative and got him to sign them, and generally minded her business with extreme concentration. In which trait she was like her father, John Trant.

Just before luncheon, young Zant wondered whether he dared try conversation with her, and irritably decided that he didn't know what to say to her. He meant to ask dad where he got her. He hadn't known that girls like that worked in offices. His keen blue eyes followed her every line and color and movement with a sort of surprised approval. She might have been a college queen—and with that thought he dawdled out to lunch.

Along the middle of the afternoon came breezing into the office Maidie Perkins, her fat mother and her fatter father. They had heard that a picturesque, old-looking place on the lake was for sale—the old Trant place. Did Mr. Zant handle it? Old Perkins thought so, and gave a sidewise look of admiration at Regina, who had made no sign until the young man turned to her for help.

"I'm only here for the day, you know," he said, helplessly. "Miss—the lady here will tell you." He looked at Regina.

"We have the place—it's for sale. Have you looked at it?"

Maidie began raving about it, her eye on young Jared Zant.

"The dearest grounds, and the house so romantic looking!—can you let us see it? Does any one here know all about it?" They all looked at Regina—but Maidie. Jerry Zant turned to Regina.

"Could you go out with them? Do you know the place?" She gave a queer little smile. Did she know the place which her father had built for her, dear in every stone and brick, every nook and corner?

"I know it well," she said. "I will go if you like." Her steady eyes met

"Miss — Miss — you needn't come back to-night." She gave him a little bow, as if she were dismissing him instead of he her.

"By—gravy!" he remarked, when she had gone. Then he repeated the elegant ejaculation "What's her name? —and where did he get her? Look out, my boy, are you are gone for sure!" With which adjuration he called over to the further corner of the room for Walters to come to him.

Walters had been young a half century ago, but was now withered up and wrinkled, smug and dry-as-dust. Walters was bald, and his lips were pursed,



"YOUR FATHER WOULD NEVER 'A SENT THE GAL TO SELL HER OWN HOME, NEITHER!"

young Zant and all their deep beauty was for an instant his.

"We have the car out here—we can bring her back," said Perkins. "My daughter thinks she wants the place, and if it isn't too steep for my pile she can have it—what do you want for it?" John Zant, Jr., turned to Regina, and, consulting a card catalogue, she coolly named the price. Then she put on her hat and gloves and prepared to go. At the door she heard a little call, and waited for orders.

and a pen was over his ear. He faced his employer's young son.

"What's her name?" asked that worthy, and, at the old man's stare, added, "the young lady in the office here, I mean."

"Miss Regina; Regina Trant," he submitted solemnly. "Your father would never 'a sent the gal out to sell her own old home, neither! I must say that fer 'im!"

"What?" submitted the young man. "What do you mean?"

"Her father, old John Trant, built that there place on the lake for Miss Regina. She never speaks of it. He lost everything — guess you were at school. She was — East somewheres, and her ma died sudden and they called her home. Everything was gone. He was honest and paid his creditors. She supports him now. It'll make her feel bad to show that silly gal around the place. If you had of asked me—but she will make the sale all right—she's true blue—she ain't afraid."

"She's a lady — unafraid, all right," breathed Zant, Junior, his eyes and his imagination on fire. "I'll go right out there—and—and—I will fix it up some way. You look after the office, Walters. 'Phone father if anything comes up and say I'm out on business that would not wait."

At the nearest garage the young man got a car and went spinning down the avenues and out on the boulevard to the lake, through the lesser, wandering roads to the old Trant place. As he reached the gate and got out he met the Perkinses going to their own car. Regina was not with them.

"Where's your — guide?" he asked lightly, while Maidie's eyes suggested assorted coquetries. The girl was pettish and enthusiastic.

"She said she wanted to walk about by herself, and would go in on the trolley. I have decided that I want the place. I must say she seemed to know every corner of it, and made it awfully interesting. I want it."

An inspiration came to the young man. He was sorry for Maidie, but burning with zeal to see her go. He turned to her father.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I was new in the office, and didn't know that the place is no longer for sale. The Trants want it back—they have the first right to it."

"I'll give \$500 more outright for it," began Perkins, but Zant was firm. Finally, he mollified and got rid of them on promise to show them another place the next day.

He turned in at the gate of the big, homey old place and wandered down a garden path. The grass was tangled and uncut, the roses blooming in wild profusion. An oriole was singing some-

where. He heard a queer little sob, like a child's, and, turning a corner, saw Regina, full length and face down upon the grass under a tree. She had not heard him.

"Don't," he said, awkwardly, kneeling beside her, "please don't."

In an instant she was on her feet, and he also rose. She stood facing him, her hands hanging straight at her side, the tears on her cheeks. She tried to smile, but it was hard work.

"I—" she began, quietly, "I used to live here, and—"

"I was a brute!" he said. "I didn't know. I met the Perkinses and told them the place is not for sale. I have some money from my grandmother. I want to get it—for you. You must think I am insane, but I am not. I intend to make you love me and come here and live with me some day, and your father, too. I won't insult you by asking you now. But—the place shall never be sold again—I won't let dad do it. Will you walk about a bit and show it to me?" He picked up her hat and soothed her with commonplace inquiries until she forgot her trouble and was once more herself.

"I'm so ashamed," she murmured, when the sun was low and they were again at the gate. She would not go in the machine with him, but made him put her on the trolley. He left her, reluctantly.

"You will remember—what I said?" he asked, impetuously. She gave a little smile and that gallant little lift of the head.

"Whatever comes, or doesn't come, I shall try not to be—afraid."

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Righteous Indignation

Little Ruth was the youngest daughter in a very strict Presbyterian family that especially abhorred profanity.

One day little Ruth became exceedingly exasperated with one of her dollys. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately her disapproval of dolly's conduct.

Finally, throwing the offending dolly across the room, she cried feelingly:

"My gracious! I wish I belonged to a family that swore!"

A TOWER BLOWS DOWN AT BEAUFORT

A berth at the Government wireless station at Beaufort, N. C., generally known as a relay or half-way point between Washington and the stations lying further South, holds many attractive features to Navy men. Fortunate, indeed, is the enlisted man who is stationed there, for during both winter and summer no better climate can be found. In addition, the station is delightfully situated on a beautiful little island in an excellent harbor.

Piver's Island, where all the buildings are located, marks the terminus of the great inland waterway from Cape Cod, Mass., a position which at times during the winter makes things interesting for the residents; for at certain periods the station is exposed to some very heavy winds, often causing serious damage.

One night last winter the operator on duty noticed along about midnight, that for some reason messages could neither be sent nor received. A careful inspection of the instruments, and readjustment of practically every part failed to disclose the source of the trouble. In the morning it was found that one of the 170-foot poles between which the antennæ are stretched, had blown down and crashed through the roof of the building shown in the accompanying photograph. The violence of the storm, the rush of the 90-mile gale through the trees and the beating of the surf on the shore had drowned the noise of the falling pole, as it struck the U. S. Laboratory Building, located midway between the wireless office and the base of the pole.

It required two days of hard labor by the five operators at the station to untangle the twisted wires; after which the remaining stump of the pole was brought into use temporarily. The fact that in a great measure the efficiency of the service was so soon restored is a striking tribute to the capabilities of

Uncle Sam's men in the naval service.

The credit for this quick work is principally due to Chief Snelder, an old hand at the wireless business. One of the illustrations shows the Chief receiving a wireless message.

Heretofore, the power developed at this station was 5 kilowatts, capable of transmitting messages about 750 miles under favorable conditions, but contracts have recently been made to increase the power to 20 kilowatts. This is to be done by running a cable from the Beaufort electric light plant.

The distance from Beaufort to those stations further South to which it relays messages are as follows:

New Orleans is 727 miles, Key West is 666 miles, St. Augustine is 372 miles and to Charleston, S. C., is 199 miles. To the north lies Portsmouth, Va., a



THE TOWER CRASHED THROUGH THE ROOF OF
THE U. S. LABORATORY BUILDING.



THE MAN TO WHOM BELONGS THE CREDIT FOR THE QUICK REPAIRS.

distance of 129 miles, and Washington, D. C., 249 miles.

While messages from distant points are only occasionally heard, at night Panama and Colon seem almost like neighbors. During the spring of 1910, signals were heard from the scout cruiser *Birmingham*, off the coast of Liberia, when she was talking to the cruiser *Chester* in Hampton Roads, but they were too faint to record the actual message.

Another Wireless "Miracle"

Practically complete credence seems to be given to the claims of a Turinian to the discovery of a method of wireless transmission of drawings, pictures, handwriting, shorthand, etc.

Assurance of the success of the experiments seems to be furnished by the reported action of the Italian Government looking to the control of the system for use by the War Department.

If, however, such a process is the success it is asserted to be, its advan-

tages should not be monopolized for war purposes.

By pure chance the collection of telegraph wires at Clichy-Levallois railway station fills all the necessary conditions of height, distance and position to receive the Eiffel Tower wireless communications. The incident has caused great interest in scientific circles.

Use of the wireless in warning of forest fires is a happy thought of Vermont. It may be used more flexible than the telephone and is not less speedy.

The old U. S. S. *Vesuvius*, one-time dynamite ship, has just completed fitting at the Charlestown Navy Yard to answer wireless calls received from vessels in distress sending the "S. O. S." signal for help.

Meaning of the Distress Call

In spite of correct explanations published time and time again we continually hear absurd versions of the meaning of C. Q. D. and S. O. S. In a recent case of this kind two high British officials were quoted as saying the wireless distress signal, C. Q. D., meant "Come quickly—danger," and that "S. O. S." meant "Save our souls."

To tell the story all over again, C. Q. is a very old telegraph signal for "All stations," and is still used on fast circuits where political or racing news is distributed simultaneously to a number of towns. The addition of D. has generally been implied to mean "Distribute." Jack Binns, of *Republic* fame, was probably the first to use it as a distress call, and for a time it was generally understood as such on American ships. By international agreement, the Americans discarded C. Q. D. recently and S. O. S. was adopted by all countries as a universal distress signal. The letters have no particular meaning in words.

The "Save our souls" version of S. O. S. is one that cannot fail to impress us as absurd because it is the international distress signal, and English is not yet the international language.



ON BOARD S. S. OF LINE

EN ROUTE TO

CAPTAIN IN COMMAND.

Sailing Date 19

NAME.

ADDRESS.

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OCEAN WIRELESS NEWS

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The Editor will be pleased to receive original fiction stories and articles of timely interest. Articles accompanied by good drawings and clear photographs especially desired. If accepted, such articles will be paid for on publication, at regular rates.

No manuscripts will be returned unless return postage is enclosed.

Editorial

Observation of fellow passengers aboard ship is a source of never-ending amusement to the experienced ocean voyager. On most any portion of the ship one can find a self-appointed oracle expounding and explaining to an admiring group the mysteries of nautical equipment. Nine times out of ten the lecturer knows nothing at all about his subject.

Particularly is this noticeable when some fluffy, dainty person wishes to know how the wireless works. We were greatly amused on one occasion not long ago at overhearing the explanation offered by one passenger. His easy air of proprietorship as he strolled about the vessel at once distinguished him as a novice at ocean travel, so we stopped to listen to his description of the working of the wireless. As he got deeper into his subject we were by turns amazed, astonished and astounded—at his flow of language! He did not know even the very first principles of the art. Yet his hearers seemed serenely satisfied with his explanation and beamed their thanks from all sides.

Of course, every one does not make such a hodge-podge of the subject as in this particular instance, but it has been our experience that wireless telegraphy appeals to the average mind to be one of those mysteries which can only be explained through the use of highly technical language. As a matter of fact, while it might be difficult to

describe the details of a wireless station so that the novice would understand, the principal of the art is easily comprehended.

Drop a stone in a quiet pool. A series of waves extends in all directions. The radius of these is great or small, in proportion to the strength of the original impetus given. It is a well-known fact that light and heat also move in a series of undulating waves, which may be measured or deflected. Electricity, like light and heat, also moves in waves, which may be measured. The wireless operator, by means of powerful dynamos or batteries, stores up a tremendous amount of electrical energy. When the key is pressed down two metallic points are brought in contact. This releases a portion of the stored up electrical energy, which reaches, by means of heavily insulated wire, the "aerial" or antennae wires, which may be seen stretching between the masts. Leaping from the "aerial," this electrical energy radiates in every direction through the ether in the atmosphere, in the same manner as the waves caused by the stone dropped into the pool.

You have seen the waves disturb a chip floating in a pond. In wireless telegraphy the ether waves set in motion by the electrical impulse continue until another "aerial" on a ship or at a shore station is encountered and excite or disturb the wires. The impulse thus received is conducted through the receiving apparatus to a pair of telephone receivers adjusted to the ears of the operator. The electrical impulses are regulated so as to spell words according to a code.

If the sending operator has held his key down for a short period the stream of electrical energy is comparatively long and the operator receiving recognizes it as a "dash." If the sending operator has released the pressure on his key at the instant the contact points meet, the short, sharp impulse received in the phones of the receiving operator is recognized as a "dot." Various combinations of these dots and dashes form the letters and figures which spell out a message.

This, in a few words, is a simple explanation of the principle of wireless.

at the door of your own box and one of my men, who is outside, will come to you at once. He will know where to find me."

Peter hurried away, pausing for a moment in the promenade, to scribble a line or two at the back of one of his own cards. Presently he knocked at the door of the box adjoining Guillot's and was instantly admitted. Violet continued her watch. She remained alone until the curtain fell upon the first act of the ballet. A few minutes later, Peter returned. She knew at once that things were going well. He sank into a chair by her side.

"I have messages every five minutes," he whispered in her ear, "and I am venturing upon a bold stroke. There is still something about the affair, though, which I cannot understand. You are absolutely sure that Guillot has not moved?"

Violet pointed with her program across the house.

"There he sits," she remarked. "He left his chair as the curtain went down, but he could scarcely have gone out of the box, for he was back within ten seconds."

Peter looked steadily across at the opposite box. Guillot was sitting a little further back now, as though he no longer courted observation. Something about his attitude puzzled the man who watched him. With a sudden quick movement, he caught up the glasses which stood by his wife's side. The curtain was going up for the second act, and Guillot had turned his head. Peter held the glasses only for a moment to his eyes, and then glanced down at the stage.

"My God!" he muttered. "The man's a genius! Violet, the small motor is coming for you."

He was out of the box in a single step. Violet looked after him, looked down upon the stage and across at Guillot's box. It was hard to understand.

The curtain had scarcely rung upon the second act of the ballet when a young lady who met from all the loungers, and even from the doorkeeper himself, the most respectful attention, issued from the stage door at the Empire and stepped into the large motor car

which was waiting, drawn up against the curb. The door was opened from inside and closed at once. She held out her hands, as yet ungloved, to the man who sat back in the corner.

"At last!" she murmured. "And I thought that you had forsaken me. It seemed, indeed, dear one, that you had forsaken me."

He took her hands and held them tightly, but he answered only in a whisper. He wore a somber black cloak and a broad-brimmed black hat. A muffler concealed the lower part of his face. She put her finger upon the electric light, but he stopped her.

"I must not be recognized," he said, thickly. "Forgive me, Louise, if I seem strange at first, but there is more in it than I can tell you. No one must know that I am in London to-night. When we reach this place to which you are taking me, and we are really alone, then we can talk. I have so much to say."

She looked at him doubtfully. It was indeed a moment of indecision with her. Then she began to laugh softly.

"Little one, but you have changed!" she exclaimed, compassionately. "After all, why not? I must not forget that things have gone so hardly with you. It seems odd, indeed, to see you sitting there muffled up like an old man, afraid to show yourself. You know how foolish you are? With your black cape and that queer hat, you are so different from all the others. If you seek to remain unrecognized, why do you not dress as all the men do? Any one who was suspicious would recognize you from your clothes."

"It is true," he muttered. "I did not think of it."

She leaned toward him.

"You will not even kiss me?" she murmured.

"Not yet," he answered.

She made a little grimace.

"But you are cold!"

"You do not understand," he answered. "They are watching me—even to-night they are watching me. Oh, if you only knew, Louise, how I have longed for this hour that is to come!"

Her vanity was assuaged. She patted his hand, but came no nearer.

"You are a foolish little one," she said, "very foolish."

"It is not for you to say that," he replied. "If I have been foolish, were not you often the cause of my folly?"

Again she laughed.

"Oh, la, la! It is always the same! It is always you men who accuse! For that presently I shall reprove you. But now—as for now, behold, we have arrived!"

"It is a crowded thoroughfare," the man remarked, nervously, looking up and down Shaftesbury avenue.

"Stupid!" she cried, stepping out. "I do not recognize you to-night, little one. Even your voice is different. Follow me quickly across the pavement and up the stairs. There is only one flight. The flat I have borrowed is on the second floor. I do not care very much that people should recognize me either under the circumstances. There is nothing they love so much," she added, with a toss of the head, as finding an excuse to have my picture in the paper."

He followed her down the dim hall and up the broad, flat stairs, keeping always some distance behind. On the first landing she drew a key from her pocket and opened the door. It was the door of Monsieur Guillot's sitting-room. A round table in the middle was laid for supper. One light alone, and that heavily shaded, was burning.

"Oh, la, la!" she exclaimed. "How I hate this darkness! Wait till I can turn on the lights, dear friend, and then you must embrace me. It is from outside, I believe. No, do not follow. I can find the switch for myself. Remain where you are. I return instantly."

She left him alone in the room, closing the door softly. In the passage she reeled for a moment and caught at her side. She was very pale. Guillot, coming swiftly up the steps, frowned as he saw her.

"He is there?" he demanded, harshly.

"He is there," Louise replied, "but indeed, I am angry with myself. See, I am faint. It is a terrible thing, this, which I have done. He did me no harm, that young man, except that he was stupid and heavy, and that I never loved him. Who could love him, indeed! But, Guillot—"

He passed on, scarcely heeding her words, but



"MY GOD!" HE MUTTERED. "THE MAN'S A GENIUS!"

she clung to his arm.

"Dear one," she begged, "promise that you will not really hurt him. Promise me that, or I will shriek out and call the people from the streets here. You would not make an assassin of me? Promise!"

Guillot turned suddenly towards her, and there were strange things in his face. He pointed down the stairs.

"Go back, Louise," he ordered. "back to your rooms, for your own

sake. Remember that you have left the theatre, too ill to finish your performance. You have had plenty of time already to get home. Quick! Leave me to deal with this young man. I tell you to go."

She retreated down the stairs, dumb, her knees shaking still as though with fear. Guillot entered the room, closing the door behind him. Even as he bowed to that dark figure standing in the corner, his left hand shot forward the bolt.

"Monsieur," he said—

"What is the meaning of this?" the visitor interrupted, haughtily. "I am expecting Mademoiselle Louise. I did not understand that strangers had the right of entry into this room."

Guillot bowed low.

"Monsieur," he said once more, "it is a matter for my eternal regret that I am forced to intrude even for a moment upon an assignation so romantic. But there is a little matter which must first be settled. I have some friends here who have a thing to say to you."

He walked softly, with catlike tread, along by the wall to where the thick curtains shut out the inner apartment. He caught at the thick velvet, dragged it back and the two rooms were suddenly flooded with light. Two stalwart looking men in plain clothes, but of very unmistakable appearance, were standing waiting. Guillot staggered back. They were strangers to him. He was like a man who looks upon a nightmare. His eyes protruded. The words which he tried to utter failed him. Then, with a swift, nervous presentiment, he turned quickly around towards the man who had been standing in the shadows. Here, too, the unexpected had happened. It was Peter Baron de Grost, who threw his muffler and broad-brimmed hat upon the table.

"Five minutes to eleven, I believe, Monsieur Guillot," Peter declared. "I win by an hour and five minutes."

Guillot said nothing for several seconds. After all, though, he had great gifts. He recovered alike his power of speech and his composure.

"These gentlemen," he said, pointing with his left hand towards the inner room—"I do not understand their presence in my apartments."

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"They represent, I am afraid, the obvious end of things," he explained. "You have given me a run for my money, I confess. A Monsieur Guillot, who is remarkably like you, still occupies your box at the Empire, and Mademoiselle Jeane Lemere, the accomplished understudy of the lady who has just left us, is sufficiently like the incomparable Louise to escape, perhaps, detection for the first few minutes. But you gave the game away a little, my dear Guillot, when you allowed your quarry to come and gaze even from the shadows of his box at the woman he adored."

"Where is—he?" Guillot faltered.

"He is on his way back to his country home," Peter replied. "I think that he will be cured of his infatuation for Mademoiselle. The assassins whom you planted in that room are by this time in Bow street. The price which others beside you knew, my dear Guillot, was placed upon that unfortunate young man's head, will not pass this time into your pocket. For the rest—"

"The rest is of no consequence," Guillot interrupted, bowing. "I admit that I am vanquished. As for those gentlemen there," he added, waving his hands towards the two men who had taken a step forward, "I have a little oath which is sacred to me concerning them. I take the liberty, therefore, to admit myself defeated, Monsieur le Baron, and take my leave."

No one was quick enough to interfere. They had only a glimpse of him as he stood there with the revolver pressed to his temple, an impression of a sharp report, of Guillot staggering back as the revolver slipped from his fingers on to the floor. Even his death cry was stifled. They carried him away without any fuss, and Peter was just in time, after all, to see the finish of the second act of the ballet. The sham Monsieur Guillot smirked at the sham Louise, but the box by his side was empty.

"It is over?" Violet asked, breathlessly.

"It is over," Peter answered.

It was, after all, an unrecorded tragedy. In an obscure corner of the morning papers one learned the next day that

a Frenchman, who had apparently come to the end of his means, had committed suicide in a furnished flat of Shaftesbury avenue. Two foreigners were deported without having been brought up for trial, for being suspected persons. A little languid interest was aroused at the inquest, when one of the witnesses deposed to the deceased's having been a famous French criminal. Nothing further transpired, however, and

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By Louise Olney

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Along the middle of the afternoon came breezing into the office Maidie Perkins, her fat mother and her fatter father. They had heard that a picturesque, old-looking place on the lake was for sale—the old Trant place. Did Mr. Zant handle it? Old Perkins thought so, and gave a sideways look of admiration at Regina, who had made no sign until the young man turned to her for help.

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"The dearest grounds, and the house so romantic looking!—can you let us see it? Does any one here know all about it?" They all looked at Regina—but Maidie. Jerry Zant turned to Regina.

"Could you go out with them? Do you know the place?" She gave a queer little smile. Did she know the place which her father had built for her, dear in every stone and brick, every nook and corner?

"I know it well," she said. "I will go if you like." Her steady eyes met

"Miss—Miss—you needn't come back to-night." She gave him a little bow, as if she were dismissing him instead of he her.

"By—gravy!" he remarked, when she had gone. Then he repeated the elegant ejaculation "What's her name?—and where did he get her? Look out, my boy, are you are gone for sure!" With which adjuration he called over to the further corner of the room for Walters to come to him.

Walters had been young a half century ago, but was now withered up and wrinkled, smug and dry-as-dust. Walters was bald, and his lips were pursed,



"YOUR FATHER WOULD NEVER 'A SENT THE GAL TO SELL HER OWN HOME, NEITHER!"

young Zant and all their deep beauty was for an instant his.

"We have the car out here—we can bring her back," said Perkins. "My daughter thinks she wants the place, and if it isn't too steep for my pile she can have it—what do you want for it?" John Zant, Jr., turned to Regina, and, consulting a card catalogue, she coolly named the price. Then she put on her hat and gloves and prepared to go. At the door she heard a little call, and waited for orders.

and a pen was over his ear. He faced his employer's young son.

"What's her name?" asked that worthy, and, at the old man's stare, added, "the young lady in the office here, I mean."

"Miss Regina; Regina Trant," he submitted solemnly. "Your father would never 'a sent the gal out to sell her own old home, neither! I must say that fer 'im!"

"What?" submitted the young man. "What do you mean?"

"Her father, old John Trant, built that there place on the lake for Miss Regina. She never speaks of it. He lost everything — guess you were at school. She was — East somewheres, and her ma died sudden and they called her home. Everything was gone. He was honest and paid his creditors. She supports him now. It'll make her feel bad to show that silly gal around the place. If you had of asked me—but she will make the sale all right—she's true blue—she ain't afraid."

"She's a lady — unafraid, all right," breathed Zant, Junior, his eyes and his imagination on fire. "I'll go right out there—and—and—I will fix it up some-way. You look after the office, Walters. 'Phone father if anything comes up and say I'm out on business that would not wait."

At the nearest garage the young man got a car and went spinning down the avenues and out on the boulevard to the lake, through the lesser, wandering roads to the old Trant place. As he reached the gate and got out he met the Perkinses going to their own car. Regina was not with them.

"Where's your — guide?" he asked lightly, while Maidie's eyes suggested assorted coquetries. The girl was pettish and enthusiastic.

"She said she wanted to walk about by herself, and would go in on the trolley. I have decided that I want the place. I must say she seemed to know every corner of it, and made it awfully interesting. I want it."

An inspiration came to the young man. He was sorry for Maidie, but burning with zeal to see her go. He turned to her father.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I was new in the office, and didn't know that the place is no longer for sale. The Trants want it back—they have the first right to it."

"I'll give \$500 more outright for it," began Perkins, but Zant was firm. Finally, he mollified and got rid of them on promise to show them another place the next day.

He turned in at the gate of the big, homey old place and wandered down a garden path. The grass was tangled and uncut, the roses blooming in wild profusion. An oriole was singing some-

where. He heard a queer little sob, like a child's, and, turning a corner, saw Regina, full length and face down upon the grass under a tree. She had not heard him.

"Don't," he said, awkwardly, kneeling beside her, "please don't."

In an instant she was on her feet, and he also rose. She stood facing him, her hands hanging straight at her side, the tears on her cheeks. She tried to smile, but it was hard work.

"I—" she began, quietly, "I used to live here, and—"

"I was a brute!" he said. "I didn't know. I met the Perkinses and told them the place is not for sale. I have some money from my grandmother. I want to get it—for you. You must think I am insane, but I am not. I intend to make you love me and come here and live with me some day, and your father, too. I won't insult you by asking you now. But—the place shall never be sold again—I won't let dad do it. Will you walk about a bit and show it to me?" He picked up her hat and soothed her with commonplace inquiries until she forgot her trouble and was once more herself.

"I'm so ashamed," she murmured, when the sun was low and they were again at the gate. She would not go in the machine with him, but made him put her on the trolley. He left her, reluctantly.

"You will remember—what I said?" he asked, impetuously. She gave a little smile and that gallant little lift of the head.

"Whatever comes, or doesn't come, I shall try not to be—afraid."

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Righteous Indignation

Little Ruth was the youngest daughter in a very strict Presbyterian family that especially abhorred profanity.

One day little Ruth became exceedingly exasperated with one of her dollys. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately her disapproval of dolly's conduct.

Finally, throwing the offending dolly across the room, she cried feelingly:

"My gracious! I wish I belonged to a family that swore!"

A TOWER BLOWS DOWN AT BEAUFORT

A berth at the Government wireless station at Beaufort, N. C., generally known as a relay or half-way point between Washington and the stations lying further South, holds many attractive features to Navy men. Fortunate, indeed, is the enlisted man who is stationed there, for during both winter and summer no better climate can be found. In addition, the station is delightfully situated on a beautiful little island in an excellent harbor.

Piver's Island, where all the buildings are located, marks the terminus of the great inland waterway from Cape Cod, Mass., a position which at times during the winter makes things interesting for the residents; for at certain periods the station is exposed to some very heavy winds, often causing serious damage.

One night last winter the operator on duty noticed along about midnight, that for some reason messages could neither be sent nor received. A careful inspection of the instruments, and readjustment of practically every part failed to disclose the source of the trouble. In the morning it was found that one of the 170-foot poles between which the antennæ are stretched, had blown down and crashed through the roof of the building shown in the accompanying photograph. The violence of the storm, the rush of the 90-mile gale through the trees and the beating of the surf on the shore had drowned the noise of the falling pole, as it struck the U. S. Laboratory Building, located midway between the wireless office and the base of the pole.

It required two days of hard labor by the five operators at the station to untangle the twisted wires; after which the remaining stump of the pole was brought into use temporarily. The fact that in a great measure the efficiency of the service was so soon restored is a striking tribute to the capabilities of

Uncle Sam's men in the naval service.

The credit for this quick work is principally due to Chief Sneider, an old hand at the wireless business. One of the illustrations shows the Chief receiving a wireless message.

Heretofore, the power developed at this station was 5 kilowatts, capable of transmitting messages about 750 miles under favorable conditions, but contracts have recently been made to increase the power to 20 kilowatts. This is to be done by running a cable from the Beaufort electric light plant.

The distance from Beaufort to those stations further South to which it relays messages are as follows:

New Orleans is 727 miles, Key West is 666 miles, St. Augustine is 372 miles and to Charleston, S. C., is 199 miles. To the north lies Portsmouth, Va., a



THE TOWER CRASHED THROUGH THE ROOF OF
THE U. S. LABORATORY BUILDING.



THE MAN TO WHOM BELONGS THE CREDIT FOR
THE QUICK REPAIRS.

distance of 129 miles, and Washington, D. C., 249 miles.

While messages from distant points are only occasionally heard, at night Panama and Colon seem almost like neighbors. During the spring of 1910, signals were heard from the scout cruiser *Birmingham*, off the coast of Liberia, when she was talking to the cruiser *Chester* in Hampton Roads, but they were too faint to record the actual message.

Another Wireless "Miracle"

Practically complete credence seems to be given to the claims of a Turinian to the discovery of a method of wireless transmission of drawings, pictures, handwriting, shorthand, etc.

Assurance of the success of the experiments seems to be furnished by the reported action of the Italian Government looking to the control of the system for use by the War Department.

If, however, such a process is the success it is asserted to be, its advan-

tages should not be monopolized for war purposes.

By pure chance the collection of telegraph wires at Clichy-Levallois railway station fills all the necessary conditions of height, distance and position to receive the Eiffel Tower wireless communications. The incident has caused great interest in scientific circles.

Use of the wireless in warning of forest fires is a happy thought of Vermont. It may be used more flexible than the telephone and is not less speedy.

The old U. S. S. *Vesuvius*, one-time dynamite ship, has just completed fitting at the Charlestown Navy Yard to answer wireless calls received from vessels in distress sending the "S. O. S." signal for help.

Meaning of the Distress Call

In spite of correct explanations published time and time again we continually hear absurd versions of the meaning of C. Q. D. and S. O. S. In a recent case of this kind two high British officials were quoted as saying the wireless distress signal, C. Q. D., meant "Come quickly—danger," and that "S. O. S." meant "Save our souls."

To tell the story all over again, C. Q. is a very old telegraph signal for "All stations," and is still used on fast circuits where political or racing news is distributed simultaneously to a number of towns. The addition of D. has generally been implied to mean "Distribute." Jack Binns, of *Republic* fame, was probably the first to use it as a distress call, and for a time it was generally understood as such on American ships. By international agreement, the Americans discarded C. Q. D. recently and S. O. S. was adopted by all countries as a universal distress signal. The letters have no particular meaning in words.

The "Save our souls" version of S. O. S. is one that cannot fail to impress us as absurd because it is the international distress signal, and English is not yet the international language.



ON BOARD S. S. OF LINE

EN ROUTE TO

CAPTAIN IN COMMAND.

Sailing Date 19

NAME.

ADDRESS.

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OCEAN WIRELESS NEWS

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The Editor will be pleased to receive original fiction stories and articles of timely interest. Articles accompanied by good drawings and clear photographs especially desired. If accepted, such articles will be paid for on publication, at regular rates.

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Editorial

Observation of fellow passengers aboard ship is a source of never-ending amusement to the experienced ocean voyager. On most any portion of the ship one can find a self-appointed oracle expounding and explaining to an admiring group the mysteries of nautical equipment. Nine times out of ten the lecturer knows nothing at all about his subject.

Particularly is this noticeable when some fluffy, dainty person wishes to know how the wireless works. We were greatly amused on one occasion not long ago at overhearing the explanation offered by one passenger. His easy air of proprietorship as he strolled about the vessel at once distinguished him as a novice at ocean travel, so we stopped to listen to his description of the working of the wireless. As he got deeper into his subject we were by turns amazed, astonished and astounded—at his flow of language! He did not know even the very first principles of the art. Yet his hearers seemed serenely satisfied with his explanation and beamed their thanks from all sides.

Of course, every one does not make such a hodge-podge of the subject as in this particular instance, but it has been our experience that wireless telegraphy appeals to the average mind to be one of those mysteries which can only be explained through the use of highly technical language. As a matter of fact, while it might be difficult to

describe the details of a wireless station so that the novice would understand, the principal of the art is easily comprehended.

Drop a stone in a quiet pool. A series of waves extends in all directions. The radius of these is great or small, in proportion to the strength of the original impetus given. It is a well-known fact that light and heat also move in a series of undulating waves, which may be measured or deflected. Electricity, like light and heat, also moves in waves, which may be measured. The wireless operator, by means of powerful dynamos or batteries, stores up a tremendous amount of electrical energy. When the key is pressed down two metallic points are brought in contact. This releases a portion of the stored up electrical energy, which reaches, by means of heavily insulated wire, the "aerial" or antennae wires, which may be seen stretching between the masts. Leaping from the "aerial," this electrical energy radiates in every direction through the ether in the atmosphere, in the same manner as the waves caused by the stone dropped into the pool.

You have seen the waves disturb a chip floating in a pond. In wireless telegraphy the ether waves set in motion by the electrical impulse continue until another "aerial" on a ship or at a shore station is encountered and excite or disturb the wires. The impulse thus received is conducted through the receiving apparatus to a pair of telephone receivers adjusted to the ears of the operator. The electrical impulses are regulated so as to spell words according to a code.

If the sending operator has held his key down for a short period the stream of electrical energy is comparatively long and the operator receiving recognizes it as a "dash." If the sending operator has released the pressure on his key at the instant the contact points meet, the short, sharp impulse received in the phones of the receiving operator is recognized as a "dot." Various combinations of these dots and dashes form the letters and figures which spell out a message.

This, in a few words, is a simple explanation of the principle of wireless.

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

More For Peace Than Art



"Did you know that Miss Flat is going abroad to study music?"

"Why, her father can't afford that. Who is going to pay for it?"

"The neighbors, probably."

Ashamed of His Companion

"Patrick, you were on a bad spree yesterday."

"Yis, sorr, I wuz. Bless me, if I weren't a-layin' in the gutter wid a pig. Father Dunn came along, looked at me, an' says, says he, 'One is known by the company he kapes.'"

"And did you get up, Patrick?"

"No; but the pig did."

We Have Noticed, Too

"Do you suppose there are any peeresses left in England?" inquired the plainly dressed woman with her arms full of bundles.

"Why, I suppose so, madam," replied the floorwalker in that soothing tone one uses toward mild lunatics.

"Well," the indignant, humiliated little woman, whose means limited her to the cheaper grades of everything, said, "I didn't know but that they were all over here, working in this store."

Of Course Not

When Sir Thomas Lipton was a small boy in Scotland he dropped into a church one Sunday morning and was put by himself in a pew directly in front of the minister, who preached a sermon on the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The parson, who was unusually eloquent, talked on this theme for about forty minutes, and finally worked up to the climax of his remarks. He kept his gaze fixed directly on the little Lipton, who began to fidget and look very self-conscious.

At last, after an overwhelming outpouring of long words, the minister, his eyes blazing, made a quick gesture and shouted at the boy:

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Lipton could stand the strain no longer, and replied, in a meek voice:

"No, sir."

"Where's our old friend, Bill, these days?"

"Fired."

"Oh, yes. I believe I did hear the report."

Evening Things Up



"My papa is a whole head taller than yours!"

"Well, and my papa's a whole tummy fatter."

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

Hadn't Thought of That

A mysterious building had been erected on the outskirts of a small town. The natives were very curious, as it seemed to be shrouded in mystery. All that could be learned about it was that it was a chemical laboratory. An old farmer, driving past the place after active work had been started, saw a man in the doorway, and called to him: "What be ye doin' in this here place?"

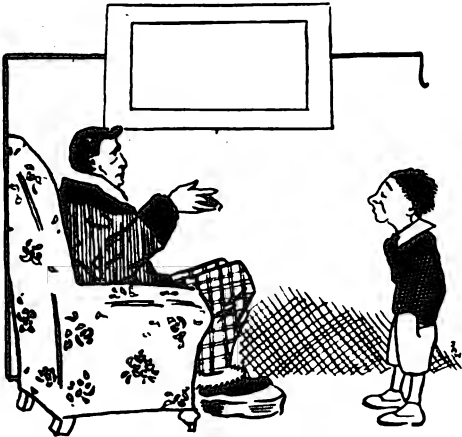
"We are searching for a universal solvent—that is to say, something that will dissolve all things," replied the chemist.

"What good will that be?"

"Imagine, sir. It will dissolve all things. If we want a solution of iron, glass, gold—anything—all we have to do is to drop it in this solution."

"Fine!" said the farmer. "Fine! But what be ye goin' to keep it in?"

Couldn't Qualify



"Son, did you get that position as an office boy?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. He wanted a regular professional, I guess."

Sort'er Belonged There



"See here, waiter; how is it that I find a trousers button in this salad?"

"Button in de salad? Yas, suh. Um—dat am paht ob de dressin', suh."

A Simple Problem

"These kids I teach aren't a bit slow," observed a school teacher yesterday. "In fact, I'm afraid they read the papers. The other day I proposed the following problem to my arithmetic class.

"A rich man dies and leaves \$1,000,000. One-fifth is to go to his wife, one-sixth to the son, one-seventh to his daughter, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign missions. What does each get?"

"A lawyer," said the little boy in the class."

Exercise

Bill—Fishing is mighty good exercise.

Jill—Where does the exercise come in, pray?

Bill—Digging the worms.

NEW YORK ATTRACTIONS

James Montgomery's new play, "Ready Money," seems to be bringing plenty of that useful commodity to the box-office of the Maxine Elliott Theatre, on Thirty-ninth street, near Broadway.

Its story deals with the human weakness for following the man who has, or seems to have, lots of money. A great deal of real humor is developed

At this juncture Jackson Ives, a counterfeiter, forces a small fortune in thousand dollar bills into the young mine owner's hands, with the idea of having Stephen pass the money for him. But, as a hero should be, the boy, though poor, is honest, and refuses to do business that way. Then the counterfeiter suggests that he merely "flash" the money.



WILLIAM COURTENAY, HENRY MILLER, JR., MARGARET GREENE AND ENSEMBLE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "READY MONEY."

out of the misfortunes of Stephen Baird, owner of the Skyrocket Mine. All of his friends are prosperous, but he is in hard luck; his total capital is a lone quarter and his seemingly worthless property is about to be taken in default of payment of a \$20,000 note. Several times he sees money in sight, only to have it whisked away, leaving him in deeper gloom each time. An additional misfortune comes when the girl he is engaged to starts to give him back his engagement ring, then relents, and keeps the diamond herself, depriving him of his last hope of realizing on something.

The result is startling. The friends who had scoffed fall all over themselves to buy stock in the presumably worthless mine. And, because it is in a play, the mine ultimately pans out.

"Ready Money" is an unusually refreshing entertainment, well acted by a competent cast, and deservedly popular.

Another play that the visitor to New York should not fail to see is "The Ne'er Do Well," at the Lyric Theatre, Forty-second street, west of Broadway.

This play is founded on Rex Beach's popular novel of that name. The dramatization is by Charles Klein, who is unquestionably America's greatest playwright.

The play is in four acts and six scenes—one in New York City, two on board a steamer bound for the Panama Canal, and the rest are laid in the Canal Zone of Panama.

The story of "The Ne'er Do Well" revolves around Kirk Anthony, the "ne'er do well," and the son of a multimillionaire railroad king. Young Anthony, while at college, earned a national reputation as a football player; in fact, his athletic prowess made him the idol of the college world.

The play opens in New York City, on the night after a football game, when Kirk Anthony and a number of fellow players are celebrating their most recent victory on the gridiron, in a notorious café off Broadway, where they come into clash with the police. Young Anthony, who has been drinking heavily, wakes up the next morning to find himself absolutely penniless on board ship bound for Panama. He manages to borrow money on the strength of his father's name, but the railroad king disinherits him, and every one turns against him. For the first time in his life, the socially pampered young athlete finds himself confronted with the alternative of going to work in the Canal Zone or starving. He is forced to work in a menial capacity on the canal.

In this dilemma he is recognized by Edith Cortland, a fashionable young matron of Washington, D. C., whose husband moves in the higher diplomatic circles. Her anxiety to help young Anthony is misunderstood by her husband. The young man's reputation for dissolute conduct has prejudiced Mr. Cortland, who openly repudiates him, notwithstanding the ex-college man's evident desire to turn over a new leaf. Disgrace is now added to poverty.

At a dinner party in Panama, in the presence of all his friends, Mr. Cortland openly accuses his wife of a most serious social crime, and the dinner party ends in a disgraceful domestic tragedy, involving young Anthony, who is landed in a Panamanian jail.

Here begins a series of complications of a most unique character, which hold the audience tense until the very end of the play.

"The Ne'er Do Well" can safely be styled one of New York's greatest successes, and a play that should deeply interest both old and young.

At the Criterion Theatre, Broadway, at Forty-fourth street, the breezy new Richard Carle-Hattie Williams musical farce, "The Girl from Montmartre," still holds sway.

Every evening Richard Carle is adding new Carlesque drolleries to this rollicking piece, which has aptly been termed "the farce with the lid off," and Miss Williams is more winsome and sprightly than ever in the new numbers she has contributed. Nothing succeeds like success, but both these popular stars are not content with the aphorism and never lose an opportunity to keep their success succeeding. Since the opening, seven new numbers or comic situations have been added, with the result that the fun is even more contagious than ever. The whole company revels in the merry-making, and any amount of mirth is crowded into the evening.



KATHERINE KÆLRED PLAYING IN THE
"NE'ER DO WELL."

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Another play that the New York should not fail to see is "Ne'er Do Well," at the Forty-second street theatre, on Broadway.

These tables show at a glance that a drastic curtailing effect in distance will result in connection with trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States.

The transportation of bulk cargoes and also a considerable proportion of general merchandise would no longer be directed via the lengthy overland lines of the North American continent, but would revert to maritime transportation, which, under the circumstances, must be cheaper unless the great American railroad systems enter into a tariff war in order to retain this trade. It is, however, to be anticipated that in view of the much reduced cost of transportation by water, such a rate war would be decided in favor of the maritime routes.

If the question is now raised as to the importance of the canal for German shipping and to what extent German shipping will participate in the newly created trade, it must first be remembered that commerce between American ports is, in virtue of American legislation, confined to the American flag. It follows from this that the American mercantile marine will in future experience great augmentation and it would be stupid on our part if we did not view this growth of the American mercantile marine with the greatest good will. Foreign shipping companies interested in the North American trade have undoubtedly contributed greatly to the present prosperity of the United States, and the United States owes very much to them. Notwithstanding this, they are actually subjected to constant attacks, and must submit to decisions of the United States Government for a legal investigation as to whether these companies are entitled to consummate arrangements in their foreign domiciles tending to exclude ruinous competition between one another.

Inasmuch as the United States will no doubt be in a position to create for itself a large mercantile marine, it is to be hoped that they will learn the imponderabilities which are necessary for the upholding and protection of a mercantile fleet, and that they will then be better posted in respect to the importance and use of such a fleet.

With regard to the participation of the German flag in the trade to the

Panama Canal, it may be stated with certainty that a part of the commerce to the west coast of America will be diverted through the Panama Canal and that also the large trade in saltpetre will particularly be routed that way. To what extent this will be the case depends, of course, upon the establishment of the tariff for the canal.

Considering the healthy views of Americans for such things, it may be taken for granted that the tariff will not be fixed so high as to preclude the attraction of such commerce which is considerably desirable. The calculation of the tariff in itself is very simple. It is only necessary to calculate what a steamer of medium speed utilizes and expends in the way of coal, wages, insurance premiums, etc., when choosing the passage via the Magellan Straits, and the tariff must then be so arranged that ship owners perceive an advantage in sending their boats through the Panama Canal.

It has been reported that I am about to visit the Panama Canal. This statement is erroneous. Undoubtedly it would be a very interesting trip, but the profit from a business point of view would not be in proportion to the loss of time. A visit of this description appears to me to be one of great interest. I had the pleasure to talk over the question of canal with Colonel Goethals, the director of the canal construction, who recently visited me in Hamburg, and I received from him the assurance that provided nothing abnormal cropped up, he hoped that in August of next year mercantile ships of medium size and limited in number would be able to traverse the canal and thereby commence operations on a small scale. The official inauguration of the canal will, it is said, only take place with the beginning of the year 1915.

The opening of the Panama Canal will undoubtedly present great facilities to commerce. Also, one may calculate upon a more rapid development of the countries on the west coast of America, but, on the other hand, it should not be forgotten that it is not a question of opening up new extensive territories, but, in the first place, of bringing those already known and partly exploited into closer and easier relations to North America and Europe.

OF INTEREST TO WIRELESS SHAREHOLDERS

Another step toward the rapid clearing up of the complexities of the wireless patent situation is the announcement by H. E. Stauffer, Examiner of Interferences of the United States Patent Office at Washington that a decision has just been rendered awarding priority of invention to Guglielmo Marconi over the wireless inventions of Prof. Reginald A. Fessenden.

The invention specified involved a transmitting apparatus for wireless telegraphy. Fessenden contended that since his application was filed while the application of Marconi was pending, it appeared that Marconi's patent, No. 935,381 issued September 28, 1909, was inadvertently granted in view of Fessenden's application. He also alleged that an earlier application filed by him in 1906 contained features substantially the same as those in the patent granted Marconi. This motion was denied on the ground that it was not brought within the time allowed for filing motions but Fessenden was permitted to introduce the earlier application in evidence. The right of Fessenden to go back to his earlier application was made an issue but the Patent Office could not find that the subject-matter of Marconi's invention was disclosed therein. And as Fessenden's later application, which was the one directly involved, was substantially the same as his earlier application it was decided that he had no right to make the issue and the award must be to Marconi.

The Fessenden wireless patents have been the basis of considerable litigation recently. They are owned by the National Electric Signaling Co., of Pittsburgh, now in the hands of receivers. At the time when it was first announced that the Marconi Company was to acquire the assets of the bankrupt United Wireless Telegraph Company the Pittsburgh concern asked the courts to stop the sale pending a settlement of the suit they had entered against the United

Company charging infringement on the Fessenden patents. The final decision established the validity of the United patents and they were sold, along with the other assets of the bankrupt, to the Marconi Company, proving a very valuable addition to the already formidable array of Marconi wireless patents.

With this latest victory to their credit and with their former competitor, the National Electric Signaling Company, in the hands of receivers it would seem that there is now nothing in the way of the Marconi becoming the only system of commercial importance in the world.

Two suits for injunctions and damages for the infringement of wireless telegraph patents have been brought by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America against the Federal Telegraph Company.

The patents involved cover basic inventions of Marconi, and the English scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge. Two of the patents have already been adjudged valid and held to have been infringed by the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The bills of complaint in these suits allege that the Federal Telegraph Company is making and using the apparatus and system of these wireless telegraph patents, and claim that the Marconi Company is entitled to an injunction restraining the Federal Company and its associates, directors, officers, etc., from the infringement of the patents, and that the Marconi Company is entitled to a large amount of damages and profits which it has sustained by reason of the Federal Company's infringement. If the claims of the Marconi Company in these suits are sustained, the Federal Company will be obliged to discontinue the use of the infringing apparatus and compelled to pay damages to the Marconi Company.

What Is a Gentleman

The teacher of the first grade in one of the public schools gave the small boys a lesson on "Being a Gentleman" the other day. To begin with, she asked how many of them knew what it meant to be a gentleman. Thus spoke the owners of the hands that were raised:

"Git to work and buy girls sumthin'."

"Not to hit ladies."

"When you go in the street, don't bump into the ladies."

"If a lady drops anything pick it up for her"—in quick afterthought, "and don't keep it."

"Buy 'um clothes and be nice to 'um."

"Stay on the gutter side, so if anybody comes back of them and the lady's pocketbook is open, they can't steal anything."

"A gentleman is one what always stays on the outside of a lady."

"Help wash de clothes"—from an embryo gentleman of color.

"Help them to wash the dishes," said he of a domestic turn.

And a right generous Ethiopian soul ended with: "If youse wif a lady en go in a drug stoah en buy ice cream or sumfin, doan you eat it all up, but save her some."

Affable Stranger—I beg your pardon, but isn't this Miss Greenleaf?

The Lady—No; I am Miss Redpath.
Affable Stranger—Ah, excuse me! I must be color blind.

"I would like to buy a ring for my mother-in-law's birthday. What kind of a stone would you suggest?"

"Well, if it were for *my* mother-in-law, I'd prefer a headstone."

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If in doubt what to give the departing voyager, why not try one of the small dictionary cases that, in compact form, holds a Spanish and English, a French and English, and an English dictionary.

Pocket geographies are found in thin paper and flexible backs with complete maps and clear print. They are much more convenient than the cumbersome map of folders.

A phrase book in foreign languages will be appreciated.

Toilet rolls of soft pliable leather, are excellent. It opens very flat, and in its fitted pockets are brushes, comb, soap box, mirror, tooth brush, and a jar of cold cream. When the roll is shut there is room for a nightdress and slippers.

Collapsible slippers, by the way, are a great convenience for the traveler.

A safety fountain pen will be a joy.

A gift that suggests letters home from the traveler is a flat stamp case

containing an assortment of half a dozen stamps of each country in the itinerary. Get those of denominations for postals and letters. Where the traveling is to be done chiefly in one country increase the amount of stamps.

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\$45.00 to \$60.00 monthly

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\$55.00 to \$90.00 monthly

Hotel service if desired
Telephone, Riverside 3970

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

More For Peace Than Art



"Did you know that Miss Flat is going abroad to study music?"

"Why, her father can't afford that. Who is going to pay for it?"

"The neighbors, probably."

Ashamed of His Companion

"Patrick, you were on a bad spree yesterday."

"Yis, sorr, I wuz. Bless me, if I weren't a-layin' in the gutter wid a pig. Father Dunn came along, looked at me, an' says, says he, 'One is known by the company he kapes.'"

"And did you get up, Patrick?"

"No; but the pig did."

We Have Noticed, Too

"Do you suppose there are any peeresses left in England?" inquired the plainly dressed woman with her arms full of bundles.

"Why, I suppose so, madam," replied the floorwalker in that soothing tone one uses toward mild lunatics.

"Well," the indignant, humiliated little woman, whose means limited her to the cheaper grades of everything, said, "I didn't know but that they were all over here, working in this store."

Of Course Not

When Sir Thomas Lipton was a small boy in Scotland he dropped into a church one Sunday morning and was put by himself in a pew directly in front of the minister, who preached a sermon on the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The parson, who was unusually eloquent, talked on this theme for about forty minutes, and finally worked up to the climax of his remarks. He kept his gaze fixed directly on the little Lipton, who began to fidget and look very self-conscious.

At last, after an overwhelming outpouring of long words, the minister, his eyes blazing, made a quick gesture and shouted at the boy:

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Lipton could stand the strain no longer, and replied, in a meek voice:

"No, sir."

"Where's our old friend, Bill, these days?"

"Fired."

"Oh, yes. I believe I did hear the report."

Evening Things Up



"My papa is a whole head taller than yours!"

"Well, and my papa's a whole tummy fatter."

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

Hadn't Thought of That

A mysterious building had been erected on the outskirts of a small town. The natives were very curious, as it seemed to be shrouded in mystery. All that could be learned about it was that it was a chemical laboratory. An old farmer, driving past the place after active work had been started, saw a man in the doorway, and called to him: "What be ye doin' in this here place?"

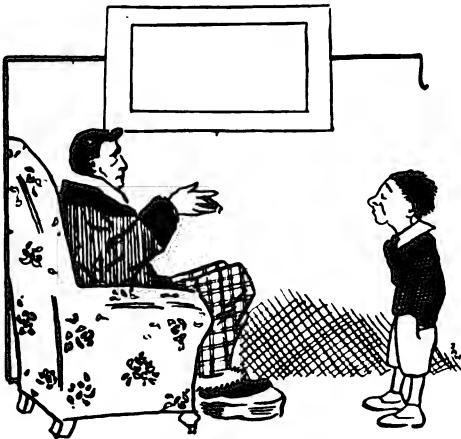
"We are searching for a universal solvent—that is to say, something that will dissolve all things," replied the chemist.

"What good will that be?"

"Imagine, sir. It will dissolve all things. If we want a solution of iron, glass, gold—anything—all we have to do is to drop it in this solution."

"Fine!" said the farmer. "Fine! But what be ye goin' to keep it in?"

Couldn't Qualify



"Son, did you get that position as an office boy?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. He wanted a regular professional, I guess."

Sort'er Belonged There



"See here, waiter; how is it that I find a trousers button in this salad?"

"Button in de salad? Yas, suh. Um—dat am pahnt ob de dressin', suh."

A Simple Problem

"These kids I teach aren't a bit slow," observed a school teacher yesterday. "In fact, I'm afraid they read the papers. The other day I proposed the following problem to my arithmetic class.

"A rich man dies and leaves \$1,000,000. One-fifth is to go to his wife, one-sixth to the son, one-seventh to his daughter, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign missions. What does each get?"

"A lawyer," said the little boy in the class."

Exercise

Bill—Fishing is mighty good exercise.

Jill—Where does the exercise come in, pray?

Bill—Digging the worms.

NEW YORK ATTRACTIONS

James Montgomery's new play, "Ready Money," seems to be bringing plenty of that useful commodity to the box-office of the Maxine Elliott Theatre, on Thirty-ninth street, near Broadway.

Its story deals with the human weakness for following the man who has, or seems to have, lots of money. A great deal of real humor is developed

At this juncture Jackson Ives, a counterfeiter, forces a small fortune in thousand dollar bills into the young mine owner's hands, with the idea of having Stephen pass the money for him. But, as a hero should be, the boy, though poor, is honest, and refuses to do business that way. Then the counterfeiter suggests that he merely "flash" the money.



WILLIAM COURTENAY, HENRY MILLER, JR., MARGARET GREENE AND ENSEMBLE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "READY MONEY."

out of the misfortunes of Stephen Baird, owner of the Skyrocket Mine. All of his friends are prosperous, but he is in hard luck; his total capital is a lone quarter and his seemingly worthless property is about to be taken in default of payment of a \$20,000 note. Several times he sees money in sight, only to have it whisked away, leaving him in deeper gloom each time. An additional misfortune comes when the girl he is engaged to starts to give him back his engagement ring, then relents, and keeps the diamond herself, depriving him of his last hope of realizing on something.

The result is startling. The friends who had scoffed fall all over themselves to buy stock in the presumably worthless mine. And, because it is in a play, the mine ultimately pans out.

"Ready Money" is an unusually refreshing entertainment, well acted by a competent cast, and deservedly popular.

Another play that the visitor to New York should not fail to see is "The Ne'er Do Well," at the Lyric Theatre, Forty-second street, west of Broadway.

This play is founded on Rex Beach's popular novel of that name. The dramatization is by Charles Klein, who is unquestionably America's greatest playwright.

The play is in four acts and six scenes—one in New York City, two on board a steamer bound for the Panama Canal, and the rest are laid in the Canal Zone of Panama.

The story of "The Ne'er Do Well" revolves around Kirk Anthony, the "ne'er do well," and the son of a multimillionaire railroad king. Young Anthony, while at college, earned a national reputation as a football player; in fact, his athletic prowess made him the idol of the college world.

The play opens in New York City, on the night after a football game, when Kirk Anthony and a number of fellow players are celebrating their most recent victory on the gridiron, in a notorious café off Broadway, where they come into clash with the police. Young Anthony, who has been drinking heavily, wakes up the next morning to find himself absolutely penniless on board ship bound for Panama. He manages to borrow money on the strength of his father's name, but the railroad king disinherits him, and every one turns against him. For the first time in his life, the socially pampered young athlete finds himself confronted with the alternative of going to work in the Canal Zone or starving. He is forced to work in a menial capacity on the canal.

In this dilemma he is recognized by Edith Cortland, a fashionable young matron of Washington, D. C., whose husband moves in the higher diplomatic circles. Her anxiety to help young Anthony is misunderstood by her husband. The young man's reputation for dissolute conduct has prejudiced Mr. Cortland, who openly repudiates him, notwithstanding the ex-college man's evident desire to turn over a new leaf. Disgrace is now added to poverty.

At a dinner party in Panama, in the presence of all his friends, Mr. Cortland openly accuses his wife of a most serious social crime, and the dinner party ends in a disgraceful domestic tragedy, involving young Anthony, who is landed in a Panamanian jail.

Here begins a series of complications of a most unique character, which hold the audience tense until the very end of the play.

"The Ne'er Do Well" can safely be styled one of New York's greatest successes, and a play that should deeply interest both old and young.

At the Criterion Theatre, Broadway, at Forty-fourth street, the breezy new Richard Carle-Hattie Williams musical farce, "The Girl from Montmartre," still holds sway.

Every evening Richard Carle is adding new Carlesque drolleries to this rollicking piece, which has aptly been termed "the farce with the lid off," and Miss Williams is more winsome and sprightly than ever in the new numbers she has contributed. Nothing succeeds like success, but both these popular stars are not content with the aphorism and never lose an opportunity to keep their success succeeding. Since the opening, seven new numbers or comic situations have been added, with the result that the fun is even more contagious than ever. The whole company revels in the merry-making, and any amount of mirth is crowded into the evening.



KATHERINE KÆLRED PLAYING IN THE
"NE'ER DO WELL."



HATTIE WILLIAMS AND RICHARD CARLE IN A
SCENE FROM THE NEW MUSICAL FARCE
"THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE."

"Hanky Panky" has evidently settled down for a long run at the Broadway Theatre, Broadway, at Forty-first street.

"Hanky Panky" makes no pretense of serious moments, but is three hours of unalloyed fun, interspersed with twenty tuneful melodies, alluring dances and brilliant stage pictures.

While the cast includes such well-known artists as Max Rogers, Carter De Haven, Bobby North, Harry Cooper and Christine Nielsen, the individual hit of the piece is scored by Florence Moore. Miss Moore is by far the funniest woman that Broadway has seen in years. Versatile, clever, intelligent in her treatment of what would otherwise be tiresome burlesque, and withal, possessing a singing voice of unmistakable merit, she adds a final touch to a rollicking, tuneful musical comedy of the popular Fields type.

Other distinctive successes include:

"The Passing Show of 1912," an exceptional musical show, at the Winter Garden, Broadway and Fiftieth street.

"The Master of the House," a new comedy drama, dealing with divorce from a novel angle, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

"Bought and Paid For," a gripping play of city life, at the Playhouse, Forty-eighth street, east of Broadway.

"The Merry Countess," an elaborate revival of a Johann Straus operetta, well acted and well sung, with several fascinating dancing numbers. At the Casino Theatre, Broadway, at Thirty-ninth street.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings," a whimsical play of especial merit, at the Comedy Theatre, Forty-first street, east of Broadway.

"Officer 666," a screaming farce, in which a cop plays tag with a crook, at the Gaiety Theatre, Broadway, at Forty-sixth street.

"Robin Hood," the beautiful old light opera, presented on a more elaborate scale and greater cast than ever before. At the Knickerbocker Theatre, Broadway, at Thirty-eighth street.

"The Rose Maid," a charming operetta of unusual refinement, at the Globe Theatre, Broadway, at Forty-sixth street.

"The Pink Lady," the musical sensation of two continents, at the New Amsterdam, Forty-second street, near Broadway.



FLORENCE MOORE AND HARRY COOPER IN AN
AMUSING SCENE FROM "HANKY PANKY."

THE PANAMA CANAL, ITS PROBABLE INFLUENCES

By Albert Ballin

Director-General of the Hamburg-American Line

As is the case with the inauguration of all new routes for commerce, the Panama Canal will undoubtedly have the result of effecting considerable changes in connection with transportation, and the question that arises is, what nature will these modifications assume? It is equally certain that many shipping lines will endeavor to find new spheres of action through the Panama Canal, as experience teaches that the creation of new routes encourages speculation looking towards the possibility of large profits.

Among the large shipping companies. English, German and others state that they have investigated the possibilities of the canal and are considering the

establishment of new lines through that channel.

One does not need to accept these declarations all too seriously. In many cases the bases will only be the intention such as one may have who leaves his umbrella on a chair and believes thereby to have secured a seat.

It is not my intention with these observations to restrict the importance of the canal. Its signification for the commerce of the world, and in particular for the trade of the United States with countries on the west coast of South America is best shown by statistics relating to the changes in distance which will result in routes from New York and from German ports. The table is given herewith:

DISTANCES FROM HAMBURG TO WEST COAST OF AMERICA.				
	Via Magdellan Straits	Via Panama Canal	Via Suez Canal	Via Cape of Good Hope
Valparaiso	9,285	7,731		
Iqueque	10,056	7,144		
San Francisco	14,075	8,402		
TO EAST ASIA.				
Manila		14,621	9,908	13,238
Hong Kong		14,570	10,040	13,466
Kiautshou		13,924	11,142	14,568
Yokohama		12,923	11,757	15,183
DISTANCES FROM NEW YORK TO WEST COAST OF AMERICA.				
	Via Magellan Straits	Via Panama Canal	Via Suez Canal	Via Cape of Good Hope
Punta Arenas	7,022	6,031		
Valparaiso	8,447	4,606		
Guayaquil	10,385	2,851		
Panama	11,025	2,028		
San Francisco	13,237	5,277		
TO AUSTRALIA.				
Sydney	12,701	9,707	13,437	13,015
Honolulu	13,400	6,696		
TO EAST ASIA.				
Manila		11,496	11,532	13,570
Hong Kong		11,445	11,664	13,798
Shanghai		10,800	12,489	14,623
Yokohama		9,798	13,381	15,515

These tables show at a glance that a drastic curtailing effect in distance will result in connection with trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States.

The transportation of bulk cargoes and also a considerable proportion of general merchandise would no longer be directed via the lengthy overland lines of the North American continent, but would revert to maritime transportation, which, under the circumstances, must be cheaper unless the great American railroad systems enter into a tariff war in order to retain this trade. It is, however, to be anticipated that in view of the much reduced cost of transportation by water, such a rate war would be decided in favor of the maritime routes.

If the question is now raised as to the importance of the canal for German shipping and to what extent German shipping will participate in the newly created trade, it must first be remembered that commerce between American ports is, in virtue of American legislation, confined to the American flag. It follows from this that the American mercantile marine will in future experience great augmentation and it would be stupid on our part if we did not view this growth of the American mercantile marine with the greatest good will. Foreign shipping companies interested in the North American trade have undoubtedly contributed greatly to the present prosperity of the United States, and the United States owes very much to them. Notwithstanding this, they are actually subjected to constant attacks, and must submit to decisions of the United States Government for a legal investigation as to whether these companies are entitled to consummate arrangements in their foreign domiciles tending to exclude ruinous competition between one another.

Inasmuch as the United States will no doubt be in a position to create for itself a large mercantile marine, it is to be hoped that they will learn the imponderabilities which are necessary for the upholding and protection of a mercantile fleet, and that they will then be better posted in respect to the importance and use of such a fleet.

With regard to the participation of the German flag in the trade to the

Panama Canal, it may be stated with certainty that a part of the commerce to the west coast of America will be diverted through the Panama Canal and that also the large trade in saltpetre will particularly be routed that way. To what extent this will be the case depends, of course, upon the establishment of the tariff for the canal.

Considering the healthy views of Americans for such things, it may be taken for granted that the tariff will not be fixed so high as to preclude the attraction of such commerce which is considerably desirable. The calculation of the tariff in itself is very simple. It is only necessary to calculate what a steamer of medium speed utilizes and expends in the way of coal, wages, insurance premiums, etc., when choosing the passage via the Magellan Straits, and the tariff must then be so arranged that ship owners perceive an advantage in sending their boats through the Panama Canal.

It has been reported that I am about to visit the Panama Canal. This statement is erroneous. Undoubtedly it would be a very interesting trip, but the profit from a business point of view would not be in proportion to the loss of time. A visit of this description appears to me to be one of great interest. I had the pleasure to talk over the question of canal with Colonel Goethals, the director of the canal construction, who recently visited me in Hamburg, and I received from him the assurance that provided nothing abnormal cropped up, he hoped that in August of next year mercantile ships of medium size and limited in number would be able to traverse the canal and thereby commence operations on a small scale. The official inauguration of the canal will, it is said, only take place with the beginning of the year 1915.

The opening of the Panama Canal will undoubtedly present great facilities to commerce. Also, one may calculate upon a more rapid development of the countries on the west coast of America, but, on the other hand, it should not be forgotten that it is not a question of opening up new extensive territories, but, in the first place, of bringing those already known and partly exploited into closer and easier relations to North America and Europe.

OF INTEREST TO WIRELESS SHAREHOLDERS

Another step toward the rapid clearing up of the complexities of the wireless patent situation is the announcement by H. E. Stauffer, Examiner of Interferences of the United States Patent Office at Washington that a decision has just been rendered awarding priority of invention to Guglielmo Marconi over the wireless inventions of Prof. Reginald A. Fessenden.

The invention specified involved a transmitting apparatus for wireless telegraphy. Fessenden contended that since his application was filed while the application of Marconi was pending, it appeared that Marconi's patent, No. 935,381 issued September 28, 1909, was inadvertently granted in view of Fessenden's application. He also alleged that an earlier application filed by him in 1906 contained features substantially the same as those in the patent granted Marconi. This motion was denied on the ground that it was not brought within the time allowed for filing motions but Fessenden was permitted to introduce the earlier application in evidence. The right of Fessenden to go back to his earlier application was made an issue but the Patent Office could not find that the subject-matter of Marconi's invention was disclosed therein. And as Fessenden's later application, which was the one directly involved, was substantially the same as his earlier application it was decided that he had no right to make the issue and the award must be to Marconi.

The Fessenden wireless patents have been the basis of considerable litigation recently. They are owned by the National Electric Signaling Co., of Pittsburgh, now in the hands of receivers. At the time when it was first announced that the Marconi Company was to acquire the assets of the bankrupt United Wireless Telegraph Company the Pittsburgh concern asked the courts to stop the sale pending a settlement of the suit they had entered against the United

Company charging infringement on the Fessenden patents. The final decision established the validity of the United patents and they were sold, along with the other assets of the bankrupt, to the Marconi Company, proving a very valuable addition to the already formidable array of Marconi wireless patents.

With this latest victory to their credit and with their former competitor, the National Electric Signaling Company, in the hands of receivers it would seem that there is now nothing in the way of the Marconi becoming the only system of commercial importance in the world.

Two suits for injunctions and damages for the infringement of wireless telegraph patents have been brought by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America against the Federal Telegraph Company.

The patents involved cover basic inventions of Marconi, and the English scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge. Two of the patents have already been adjudged valid and held to have been infringed by the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The bills of complaint in these suits allege that the Federal Telegraph Company is making and using the apparatus and system of these wireless telegraph patents, and claim that the Marconi Company is entitled to an injunction restraining the Federal Company and its associates, directors, officers, etc., from the infringement of the patents, and that the Marconi Company is entitled to a large amount of damages and profits which it has sustained by reason of the Federal Company's infringement. If the claims of the Marconi Company in these suits are sustained, the Federal Company will be obliged to discontinue the use of the infringing apparatus and compelled to pay damages to the Marconi Company.

What Is a Gentleman

The teacher of the first grade in one of the public schools gave the small boys a lesson on "Being a Gentleman" the other day. To begin with, she asked how many of them knew what it meant to be a gentleman. Thus spoke the owners of the hands that were raised:

"Git to work and buy girls sumthin'."

"Not to hit ladies."

"When you go in the street, don't bump into the ladies."

"If a lady drops anything pick it up for her"—in quick afterthought, "and don't keep it."

"Buy 'um clothes and be nice to 'um."

"Stay on the gutter side, so if anybody comes back of them and the lady's pocketbook is open, they can't steal anything."

"A gentleman is one what always stays on the outside of a lady."

"Help wash de clothes"—from an embryo gentleman of color.

"Help them to wash the dishes," said he of a domestic turn.

And a right generous Ethiopian soul ended with: "If youse wif a lady en go in a drug stoah en buy ice cream or sumfin, doan you eat it all up, but save her some."

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"Well, if it were for *my* mother-in-law, I'd prefer a headstone."

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A phrase book in foreign languages will be appreciated.

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Collapsible slippers, by the way, are a great convenience for the traveler.

A safety fountain pen will be a joy.

A gift that suggests letters home from the traveler is a flat stamp case

containing an assortment of half a dozen stamps of each country in the itinerary. Get those of denominations for postals and letters. Where the traveling is to be done chiefly in one country increase the amount of stamps.

A chiffon cloth veil is an acceptable present.

Bandana handkerchiefs with wash ribbon tied to one corner make a useful gift. Half a dozen should provide covers for shoes and slippers. If made in sets of two with different colored border the shoes can be distinguished without unwrapping.

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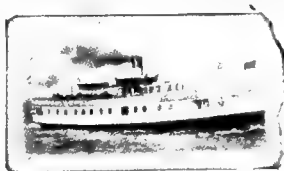
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